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CHAPTER XII.

October had come and the rainy season was going, but still the heat of the midday sun drove everybody within doors except the irrepressible Yankee soldier, released "on pass" from round duty at the barracks or outer picket line, and wandering about this strange, old-world metropolis of the Philippines, reckless of time or temperature in their determination to see everything there was to be seen about the whillom stronghold of "the Don" in Asiatic waters.

Along the narrow sidewalks of the Escalita, already bordered by American signs and saloons, and rendered even more than usually precarious by American drinks, the blue-shirted boys wandered, open-eyed, marvelling much to find twelve and two tick the shutters up in all the shops not conducted, as were the bars, on the American plan, while from some, still more oriental, the sun and the shopper both were excluded four full hours, beginning at 11.

South of the walls and outworks of Old Manila and east of the Luneta lay a broad, open level, bounded on the south by the suburb of Ermita, and in the midst of the long row of Spanish-built houses extending from the battery of huge Krupps at the bay side, almost over the diagonal avenue of the Nozieda, stood the very cozy, finely furnished house which had been hired as quarters for Col. Brent, high dignitary on the department staff.

Its lower story of cut stone was pierced by the arched driveway through which carriages entered to the patio or inner court, and, as in the tenets of Madrid the queen of Spain is possessed of no personal means of locomotion, so possibly to no Spanish dame of high degree may be attributed the desire, even though she have the power, to walk.

No other portal, therefore, either for entrance or exit, could be found at the front. Massive doors of dark, heavy wood from the Luzon forests, strapped with iron, swung on huge hinges that, unless well oiled, defied the efforts of unmuscular mankind. A narrow panel opening in one of these doors, two feet above the ground and on little hinges of its own, gave means of passage to household servants and, when pressed for time, to such of their superiors as would condescend to step high and stoop low.

To the right and left of the main entrance were store rooms, servants' rooms, and carriage-room, and opposite the latter, towards the rear, the broad stairway that, turning upon itself, led to the living-rooms on the upper floor—the broad salon at the head of the stairs being utilized as a dining-room on state occasions, and its northward end as the parlor. Opening from the sides of the salon, front and rear, were four large, roomy, high-ceilinged chambers.

Overlooking and partially overhanging the street and extending the length of the house was a wide inclosed veranda, well supplied with tables, lounging chairs and couches of bamboo and wicker, its floor covered here and there with Indian rugs, its surrounding waist-high railing fitted with parallel grooves in which slid easily the frames of the windows of translucent shells, set in little four-inch squares, or the dark-green blinds that excluded the light and glare of midday.

With both thrown back there spread an unobstructed view of the parade ground even to the edge of the distant glades, and here it was the household sat to watch the military ceremonies, to receive their guests, and to read or doze throughout the drowsy hours of the day. "Campo de Bagumbayan" was what the natives called that martial flat in the strange barbaric tongue that delights in "ig" and "ags," in "ings" and "angs," even to repetition and repetition.

And here one soft, sensuous October afternoon, with a light breeze from the bay tempering the heat of the slanting sunshine, reclining in a broad bamboo easy-chair, sat Maudie Ray, now quite convalescent, yet not yet restored to her old-time vigorous health. Her hostess, the colonel's amiable wife, was busy on the back gallery leading to the kitchen, deaf in council with her Filipino majordomo and her Chinese cook, servants who had been well trained and really needed no instruction, and for that matter got but little, for Mrs. Brent's knowledge of the Spanish tongue was even less than her command of "Pidgin" English. Nevertheless, neither Ignacio nor Sing Sway would fail to nod in the one case or smile broadly in the other in assent to her every proposition—it being one of the articles of their domestic faith that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, could best be promoted throughout the establishment by never seeming to differ with the lady of the house. To all outward appearances, therefore, and for the first few weeks, at least, housekeeping in the Philippine seemed something almost idyllic, and Mrs. Brent was in ecstasies over the remarkable virtues of Spanish-trained servants.

There had been anxious days during Maudie's illness. The Sacramento had been ordered away, and the little patient had to be brought ashore. But the chief quartermaster sent his special steam-launch for "Maudie's daughter," the chief surgeon, the best ambulance and team to meet her at the landing; a squad of Sandy's troopers bore her reclining-chair over the side into the launch, out of the launch to the waiting ambulance, and out of the ambulance upstairs into the airy rooms set apart for her, and, with Mrs. Brent and Miss Porter, Sandy and the most devoted of army doctors to hear her company and keep the fans going, Maudie's progress had been rather in the nature of a triumph.

At least it had seemed to the austere vice president of the Patriotic Daughters of America, who, as it happened, looked on in severe disapproval. She had asked for that very ambulance that very day to enable her to make the rounds of regimental hospitals in the outlying suburbs, and had been politely but positively refused.

By that time, it seems, this most energetic woman had succeeded in alienating all others in authority at corps headquarters, to the end that the commanding general declined to grant her further audience, the surgeon general had given orders that she be not admitted to his inner office, the deputy surgeon general had asked for a sentry to keep her off his premises, the sentries at the first and second reserve hospital had instructions to tell her, also politely but positively, that she could not be admitted except in visiting hours, when the surgeon, a steward, or—and here was "the most unkindest cut of all"—some of the triumphant Red Cross could receive and attend to her, for at least the symbol of Geneva had gained full recognition. At last Dr. Wells and the sisterhood were on duty, comfortably housed, cordially welcomed, and presumably happy.

The officials remained in blissful ignorance of the tremendous nature of the charges laid at their door by Miss Perkins, and Maudie Ray, while duly informed of the frequent calls and kind inquiries of many an officer, and permitted of late to welcome Sandy for little talks, had been mercifully spared the inflation of the personal visitation thrice attempted by her fellow-traveler on the train. "I don't believe you were ever intimate friends," said Mrs. Brent, "and that she nursed and cared for you in the cars when you were suffering from shock and fright because of a fire. That's what she says, though. What was it, Maudie? Was it there Mr. Stuyvesant got that burn on his face?—and lost his eyebrows?"

And then it transpired that Mr. Stuyvesant had been a frequent and assiduous caller for a whole fortnight, driving thither almost every evening. But Maudie was oddly silent as to the episode of the fire on the train. She laughed a little about Miss Perkins and her pretensions, but to the disappointment of her hostess could not be drawn into talk about that tall, handsome New Yorker.

And what seemed strange to Mrs. Brent was that now, when Maudie could sit up a few hours each day and see certain among the officers' wives, arriving by almost every steamer from the states, and have happy chats with Sandy every time he could come galloping in from Pao, and was taking delight in watching the parades and reviews on the Bagumbayan, and listening to the evening music of the band, Stuyvesant had ceased to call.

Had Maudie noticed it? Mrs. Brent wondered, as, coming in from her conference with the house of commons, she stood a moment at the doorway gazing at the girl, whose book had fallen to the floor and whose dark eyes, under their willing lids, were looking far out across the field to the walls and church towers of Old Manila.

It was almost sunset. There was the usual throng of carriages along the Luneta and a great regiment of volunteers, formed in line of platoon columns, was drawn up on the "Campo" directly in front of the house. Sandy had spent his allotted half hour by his sister's side, and, mounting, had catered out to see the parade. Miss Perkins had declared on the occasion of her third fruitless call that not until Miss Ray sent for her would she again submit herself to be snubbed. So there seemed no immediate danger of her reappearance, and yet Mrs. Brent had given Ignacio orders to open only the panel door when the gate bell clanged, and to refuse admission, even to the drive-way, to a certain importunate caller besides Miss Perkins.

"An old friend" was all he would say in response to her demand for his name and purpose. She put him off, saying Miss Ray was still too far from well to see anybody, bade him call next day when Dr. Frank and her husband, she knew, would probably be there, duly notified them, and Frank met and received the caller when he came and sent him away in short order.

"The man is a crank," said he, "and I shall have him watched." The colonel asked that one or two of the soldier police guard should be sent to the house to look after the stranger. A corporal came from the company barracks around on the Calle Real, and it was after midnight when next the "old friend" rang the bell and was permitted by Ignacio to enter.

But the instant the corporal started forward to look at him the caller bounded back into outer darkness. He was tall, sinewy, speedy and had a 20-yard start before the little guardsman, stout and burly, could squeeze into the street. Then the latter's shouts up the San Luis only served to startle the sentries, to spur the runner, and to excite and agitate Maudie.

Dr. Frank was disgusted when he tried her pulse and temperature half an hour later and said things to the corporal not strictly authorized by the regulations. The episode was unfortunate, yet might soon have been forgotten had not one housewife circumstance, despite her announcement, something had overcome Miss Perkins' sense of injury, for she had stepped from a carriage directly in front of the house at the moment of the occurrence, was a witness to all that took place, and the first one to extract from the corporal his version of the affair and his theory as to what lay behind it. In another moment she was driving away towards the Nozieda, the direction taken by the fugitive, fast as her coachman could whip his ponies, the original purpose of her call abandoned.

In duty bound, both Mrs. Brent and Dr. Frank had told Sandy of this odd affair. Mrs. Brent described the stranger as tall, slender, saw-toothed, with big cavernous dark eyes that had a wild look to them, and a scraggly, fuzzy beard all over his face, as though he hadn't shaved for long weeks. His hands—of course, she had particularly noticed his hands; what woman doesn't notice such things?—were slim and white. He had the look of a man who had been long in hospital, was probably a recently discharged patient, perhaps one of the many men just getting their home orders from Washington.

"Somebody who served under your father, perhaps," said Mrs. Brent, soothingly to Marion, "and thought he ought to see you." "Somebody who had not been a soldier at all," said she to Sandy. "He had neither the look nor the manner of one." And Sandy marveled a bit and decided to be on guard.

"Maudie," he had said that afternoon, before riding away, "when you get out next week we must take up pistol practice again. You beat me at leave-taking, but you can't do it now. Got your gun anywhere?"

And Dad gave you? And Dad or Daddy in the Ray household was the "lovingest" of titles. Maudie turned a little head on her pillow. "In the upper drawer of the cabinet in my room, I think," said she. "I remember Mrs. Brent's examining it."

Sandy went in search, and presently returned with the prize, a short, big-barreled, powerful little weapon of the bull-dog type, sending a bullet like that of a Derringer, hot and hard, warranted to shock and stop an ox at ten yards but miss a barn at over twenty; a woman's weapon by defense of her life, not a target pistol, and Sandy twirled the shining cylinder approvingly. It was a gleaming toy, with its ivory stock and nickel-plated steel.

"Every chamber crammed," said Sandy, "and sure to knock spots out of anything from a mad dog to an elephant, provided it hits. Best keep it by you at night, Maudie. These natives are marvelous sneak-thieves. They go all through these ramshackle upper stories like so many ghosts. No one can hear them."

Then, when he took his leave, the pistol remained there lying on the table, and Frank, coming in to see his most interesting patient just as the band was trooping back to its post on the right of the long line, picked it up and examined it, muzzle uppermost, with professional approbation.

"Yours, I see, Miss Ray; and from your father. A man hit by one of these," he continued, musingly, and glancing the fat leaden bullets, "would drop in his tracks. Do you keep it by you?—always?" "If not," laughed Maudie. "I'm eager to get to my work—healing—not giving—gunshot wounds."

"You will have abundant time, my dear young lady," said the doctor, slowly, as he carefully replaced the weapon on the table by her side, "and—opportunities, if I read the signs aright, and we must get you thoroughly well before you begin. Ah! What's that? What's the matter over there?" he lazily asked. It was a fan of the doctor's never to permit himself to show the least haste or excitement.

A small opera glass stood on the sill, and, calmly adjusting it as he peered, Frank had picked it up and leveled it towards the front and center of the line just back of where the colonel commanding sat in saddle. A lively scuffle and commotion had suddenly begun among the groups of spectators. Miss Ray's reclining-chair was so placed that by merely raising her head she could look out over the field. Mrs. Brent ran to

where the colonel's field glasses hung in their leather case and joined the doctor at the gallery rail.

Three pairs of eyes were gazing steadily at the point of disturbance, already the center of a surging crowd



A TALL, HANDSOME YOUNG OFFICER STOOD IN THE DOORWAY.

of soldiers off duty, oblivious now to the fact that the band was playing the "Star Spangled Banner," and they ought to be standing at attention, hats off, and facing the flag as it came floating slowly to earth on the distant ramparts of the old city. Disdainful of outside attractions, the adjutant came stalking out to the front as the strain ceased, and his shrill voice was heard turning over the parade to his commander. Then the surging group seemed to begin to disperse, many following a little knot of men carrying on their shoulders an apparently inanimate form. They moved in the direction of the old botanical garden, towards the Estado Mayor, and so absorbed were the three in trying to fathom the cause of the excitement that they were deaf to Ignacio's announcement. A tall, handsome, most distinguished-looking young officer stood at the wide doorway, dressed cap-a-pie in snowy white, and not until, after a moment's hesitation, he stepped within the room and was almost upon them, did Miss Ray turn and see him.

"Why, Mr. Stuyvesant!" was all she said; but the tone was enough. Mrs. Brent and the doctor dropped the glasses and whirled about. Both instantly noted the access of color. It had not all disappeared, by any means, though the doctor had, when ten minutes later, Col. Brent came in. At the moment of his entrance, Stuyvesant, seated close to Marion's reclining-chair, was with all the doctor's caution and curiosity, examining the patient.

"Rather bulky for a pocket pistol," he remarked, as a muzzle downward, he essayed its insertion in the gaping orifice at the right hip of his Manila-made, flapping white trousers. It slipped in without a hitch. "What was the trouble out there awhile ago?" asked the lady of the house of her liege lord. "You saw it, I suppose?"

"Nothing much. Man had a fit, and it took four men to hold him. Maudie, look here. Capt. Kress handed this to me—said they picked it up just back of where the colonel stood at parade. Is he another maul?"

Marion took the envelope from the outstretched hand, drew forth a little card-de-visite on which was the vignette portrait of her own face, gave one quick glance and dropped back on the pillow. All the bright color fled. The picture fell to the floor. "Can you—find Sandy?" was all she could say, as, with imploring eyes, she gazed into honest Brent's astonished face.

"I can, at once," said Stuyvesant, who had risen from his chair at the colonel's remark. With quick bend he picked up the little card, placed it face downward on the table by her side, never so much as giving one glance at the portrait, and noiselessly left the room.

(To be continued.)



STOPS PAIN

Athens, Tenn., Jan. 27, 1901. Ever since the first appearance of my meninges they were very irregular and I suffered with great pain in my hips, back, stomach and legs, with terrible bearing down pains in the abdomen. During the past month I have been taking Wine of Cardui and Tuesday's Black-Draught, and I passed the monthly period without pain for the first time in years.

What is life worth to a woman suffering like Maudie Davis suffered? Yet there are women in thousands of homes to-day who are bearing these terrible menstrual pains in silence. If you are one of these we want to say that this wine

WINE OF CARDUI

will bring you permanent relief. Consult yourself with the knowledge that 1,000,000 women have been completely cured by Wine of Cardui. These women suffered from leucorrhoea, irregular menses, headache, backache, and bearing down pains. Wine of Cardui will stop all these aches and pains for you. Purchase a \$1.00 bottle of Wine of Cardui to-day and take it in the privacy of your home.

For advice and literature, address, giving name, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Cardui Medicine Company, Chicago, Ill.

To think well is good, to speak well is better, but to act well is best. Exemplary lives speak louder than words, and alternately degrading lives speak still more so.

The following paragraph from the Springfield Republican is interesting to those whom it may concern: "Emma Goldman, the noted anarchist leader, says 'President McKinley is only a tool in the hands of Mark Hanna, who is the real president and the power behind the throne.' Let's see, that sort of talk sounds familiar. Where and when have we heard it before?"

SEVERAL southern papers say there is no danger that President Roosevelt will be a "narrow sectionalist." They are right. Everybody knew and conceded that President McKinley was not a sectionalist. No president will be a sectionalist in this country, although one or two of them were compelled by circumstances to appear so. This was only on the surface, however, Lincoln, who seemed to the south during the war to have been a sectional president, was in reality a warm well wisher of the south, as that region discovered afterward. There is no longer any such south or north in a political sense.—Globe-Democrat.

Very Bare Facts.

Where did the school fund of Missouri come from?

A republican congress gave it to Missouri.

Who doubled the amount thus given?

Spent by democratic administrations.

What is being done to save the non-interest bearing, non-negotiable notes, which represent the four million school fund in the state treasurer's vaults?

The voters are to be asked in November, 1902, to amend the state constitution, so that the people of Missouri may be taxed to pay the interest on the worthless paper, which tells how much school fund there once was in the state treasury.—Henry County Republican.

NEXT to the fact itself, almost the worst feature in connection with the assassination of President McKinley is the exhibition of maudlin sentimentality on the part of American newspapers.

For years at least half of them have been doing their level best to degrade William Kinley in the eyes of the people as a cheap demagog and shyster lawyer. Now, without a moment's warning, they turn about and laud him to the skies as the "nation's ablest man and the greatest president we have ever had." Faugh! Is there no sincerity in the American soul? Mr. McKinley himself is not greater than many other, and two little leaden bullets in his anatomy can scarcely be said to have improved him. He and his devoted wife—for the two are a model couple—deserve and have the sympathy of the nation, but not its sycophancy. As to the criminal his crime is grave: It was directed against a whole nation; and justice will see to it that his punishment is adequate. Charleston Kentoprise.

The above seems to us to be the proper view of the situation. We should dislike to be one of those that have never a good word for McKinley till he died. While living 'he never did a good act, never had an original idea, was always guided by Mark Hanna," to hear them tell it, hence sympathy from such sources has little significance.

As for us, we want no sympathy from the people after we are dead, when they could not give us a word of encouragement or kindness while we lived. Deceptive kindness or sympathy can not help the dead, and it certainly is not appreciated by those who mourn.

B. W. Pursell, Kinterville, Pa., says he suffered 25 years with piles, could obtain no relief until Dr. Witt's Witch Hazel Salve effected a permanent cure. Counterfeits are worthless. All dealers.

BANNER SALVE the most healing salve in the world.

Southeast Missouri News.

The Cape Girardeau County fair opens next Tuesday a week.

The Dunklin Democrat mildly intimates that Wm. J. Bryan may be at Kennett during fair week.—Caruthersville Democrat.

Caruthersville has a turtle that weighs 335 pounds. Four men can stand on its back while it walks. Bring it to the Cape fair.

The St. Louis, Caruthersville and Memphis, and the St. Louis and Memphis railroads have consolidated under the St. Louis and Memphis railroad.

Two prisoners, Harvey Grimes and Chas. Dukes, broke jail at Poplar Bluff last week. No effort is being made to capture them, as it is thought "good riddance of bad rubbish."

J. H. Nugent, the man who plead guilty of forging the names of E. L. Miller and A. J. Statler to a note that he gave to a bank, was given a sentence of three years in the penitentiary.—Boiling County Times.

Fire broke out in a wooden building occupied by a restaurant in the business part of Doniphan last Friday evening. It was only by the most heroic and persistent efforts on the part of the people that the whole town was kept from being wiped out.

Complaint is being made by railroad men who have the hiring of laborers for work on the roads all over this section of Missouri that men are hard to find who want to work. They pay \$1.50 a day and take all the men they can get. The Cotton Belt road needs 500 laborers.—Dunklin News.

Wm. Poston, who escaped from the Kennett jail about a year ago while serving a sentence of six months, was found by Sheriff Satterfield and Bledsoe working in the timber six miles west of Dudley under an assumed name and brought back to serve out his term, with the additions, Dunklin News.

The citizens of Cape Girardeau did honor to McKinley's memory on last Thursday by forming a procession of all lodges, school children and business men, and marched to the court house yard where there were appropriate addresses made by ex-Judge F. E. Burroughs, President W. S. Dearmont and others.

Will the commissioners of Insane Asylum No. 4 please tell a very patient public why they don't resume work on the institution? What are they waiting on? The money (\$145,000) is at their disposal, and here the summer is gone and not a lick of work done, not a contract let that anybody is aware of, and no apparent prospect of any work being done this year. Again, what are they waiting on?—Farmington Times.

An effort is being made to remove a large red oak tree from the wildest section of Arkansas, to Forest Park, St. Louis, for the Louisiana Purchase exposition. The tree is 160 feet high and twelve feet in diameter at the base. A double tramway will be built from the tree to the river, where it will be floated and towed to St. Louis. It is estimated that this will occupy six months. The tree will be dug up by the roots instead of being cut down, and none of the branches trimmed.—Charleston Enterprise.

CONSUMPTION THREATENED. C. Unger, 212 Maple St., Champaign, Ill., writes: "I was troubled with a hacking cough for a year and I thought I had consumption. I tried a great many remedies and was under the care of physicians several months. I used one bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar. It cured me and I have not been troubled since." All dealers.

Those who owe us on subscription would do us a very great favor right at this time if they would pay up promptly. Don't wait to be dunned, for if you are in arrears you know it, and your early attention to the matter would materially help us.

Last Tribute.

Our citizens heeded the proclamation as issued by our acting mayor, and observed last Thursday as a day of rest in honor of our assassinated president. At 2 o'clock we assembled in the Methodist church. Rev. C. W. Latham acted as chairman of the meeting. After prayer by Rev. J. O. Willett and a song, "Lead, Kindly Light," by the choir, Rev. Latham, in a few well chosen words, stated the object of the meeting and made a short talk. He stated that anarchy must go.

Following Rev. Latham came T. D. Hines, our prosecuting attorney, who addressed the audience. His remarks were full of feeling and appropriateness. Mr. Hines briefly sketched President McKinley's career, and spoke in glowing terms of him as a soldier, a statesman and a man. Following this was a song, "Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone." Then Edw. D. Hays addressed us. Mr. Hays spoke of Mr. McKinley's many fine attributes of character. Like the other speaker, he highly praised Mr. McKinley as a husband, an officer and as a citizen. Mr. Hays especially emphasized the fact that we lost our president at the hands of a heartless anarchist.

Others were called on to speak and Rev. Willett made a few beautiful remarks on the religious life of our president, and drove the thought home to us all by the remark, "Does it not stand us all in need of being prepared to die?" The audience was then dismissed with benediction by Rev. Willett, after singing "Nearer, My God to Thee."

TWO BEAUTIFUL BABY PONIES.

The latest addition to Gentry Brothers' Famous Trained Animal Exhibition, which will exhibit at Jackson next Monday, is a pair of beautiful little baby Shetland ponies which are only a few weeks old and which weigh less than forty pounds each. Both are almost exactly alike in color and are said to be as playful as kittens. Their diminutive size and unusual beauty causes them to be the center of attraction with the little folks, who pet and fondle them more than they do their dolls. Pinto and Tribby, the baby elephants, come next, and their friendliness toward the little folks easily makes them prime favorites also. The Gentry brothers have the largest trained animal exhibition in the world, and the patron who fails to be satisfied would kick on buying genuine diamonds at a penny apiece. The prettiest street parade ever seen in this city will pass through the principal streets Monday morning at about 11 o'clock. It will cover eight blocks in length and over 300 beautiful little animals will be in the procession.

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST.

Not how cheap, but how good, is the question.

The Twice a Week-Republic is not as cheap as some so-called newspapers. But it is as cheap as it is possible to sell a first-class newspaper. It prints all the news that is worth printing. If you read it all the year round, you are posted on all the important and interesting affairs of the world. It is the best and most reliable newspaper that money and brains can produce—and those should be the distinguishing traits of the newspaper that is designed to be read by all members of the family.

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